BLUSHES

ISSUE FORTY-ONE

Warning

This magazine is not to be sold to persons under 18.

Potential purchasers are advised that it contains photographs and written material dealing with various aspects of corporal punishment.

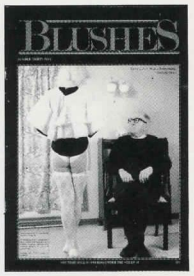
Display out of the reach of children.

NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN

£7

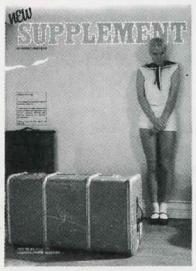
BRITISH SPANKING MAGAZINES

Now available in the U.S.A. with confidence.



BLUSHES No.1 to 37

Young girls in tight situations. Generally 64 pages with 8 in colour. Britain's premier spanking mag. Illustrated quality pictures. All back numbers available.

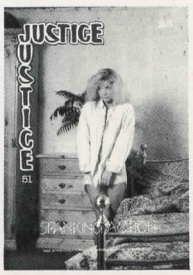


THE SUPPLEMENT
No.1 to 24

Readers couldn't get enough of Blushes so out came *The Supplement*. Great photos, excellent quality reading. 56 pages. 8 colour. All back numbers available.

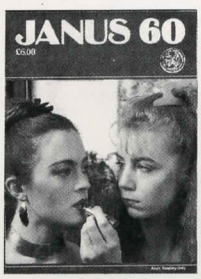
KANE No.34 to 40

64 pages, 8 in colour of the real enthusiast spankings, using straps and canes, more mature models with genuine action stills from videos. Last 6 issues only still available.



JUSTICE No.1 to 55

Stories and letters in the erotic spanking vein, well illustrated 60 pages. All back numbers still available.

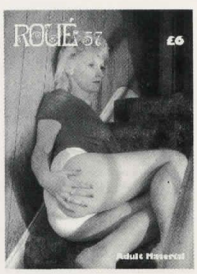


JANUS No.60 to 66

Britains oldest spanking mag. A quality publication of 56 pages, 8 in colour. Drawings, photos and stories. Last 6 back numbers available.

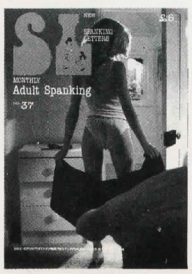
UNIFORM GIRLS No.1 to 22

Young girls in various uniforms, and out of them, getting their bottoms reddened, and more. All back numbers available.



ROUE No.54 to 60

56 pages, 8 in colour. Subtle spanking of soft young ladies, sometimes by other girls. Only last 6 issues available.



SPANKING LETTERS No.1 to 38

60 pages of letters on the erotic spanking scene, many photos of various situations. Late back issues available.

PHOENIX No.33 to 39

64 pages, 8 in colour. Clear erotic spanking, strap, cane etc. Last 6 back issues still available.

1 magazine for £6
2 magazines for £11
3 magazines for £15
4 magazines for £20
5 magazines for only £24

Post within Europe is free (Outside Europe add £1 per item).

We try for return of post and certainly send under plain cover.

Make Cheques and P.O.'s payable to:

'PRESS SALES' 15 Wastdale Road, London SE23

BLUSHES 41

CONTENTS

Photo Session
Join The Dots
Letters
A Walk in the Country
Getting the Right Results

All photos are posed by models, professional or otherwise, over the age of 18; none of the contents of this magazine are intended to condone or encourage sexual coercion. Stories and articles represent fictional situations only; reader's letters should be regarded as legitimate comment reflecting the writer's views alone. All material in this publication is of UK origin and is printed in the UK.

All trade and retail enquiries to:
Magg Distributions,
15 Wastdale Road,
Forest Hill,
London SE23 1HN NO CALLERS

PHOTO SESSION

Roger Holdane studied the photograph. A pleasantly pretty face smiling at the camera. Short blonde hair and fetchingly attired in a track suit top and short skirt. Seated on an upright chair, with the short, pleated skirt showing softly rounded knees and quite a lot of thig. Down below knee-length socks. He held the photo at an angle, subconsciously thinking he might be able to see up under the skirt. A bit of knicker. What were they like? Pink transparent ones would go very nicely with that sweet and innocent looking face and those soft, strokeable thighs. Or of course no knickers at all would go very nicely as well. Not that she looked like a no-knickers girl with that sweet face, but a girl could always forget. In the excitement of getting ready for the photographer simply forget to put them on. Maybe she had. Maybe the photographer had caught a glimpse...and, heart thudding, had suggested another pose. One of those lovely thighs up on the seat of the chair. Innocently she obliges, with no thought...oh my word, look at that...the shutter frantically clicking.

Stop dreaming, he told himself. Glancing at his watch. She'd be here in five minutes. If she was on time. But she would be on time; just left school and very keen to get a job, of course she would. He looked again at the letter which had accompanied the photo: *Dear Sir, You asked if possible for a photo of myself engaged in some sporting activity. I am afraid I don't actually have that but I am enclosing one of me at my badminton club. I hope this will do.*
Yes it would do very nicely as they said in the TV ad. Actually, being photographed at the badminton club meant she would be wearing sports knickers which, cute as they are, are certainly not transparent, it would get spectators too excited. For the same reason she would not be without knickers either. Except that the photo couldhave been taken afterwards, when she was in the process of changing. She could have changed into going-home knickers: flimsily pink and transparent. Or of course she could have taken off the sports knicks and...not had time to replace them.

Stop wondering about the photo. She was going to be here at any moment. So he could ask her if he wanted to know that much. ('Just to satisfy my curiosity, could you tell me. Do you have knickers on in the photo? Under that very attractive skirt?') Could he say that? Why not? Making it sort of joking. Yes possibly he would. Make her blush. Miss Fingley looked as if she could blush. Blushing Miss Fingley in the flesh. Oh yes, it was going to be a lot better than the photograph. In the flesh...and with the outfit. His letter in reply: *Dear Miss Fingley, Yes, do please come for an interview. And please could you bring that most fetching outfit with you. The one you are wearing in the photo I mean of course.'*

Roger Holdane slid open the drawer of his desk. Just in case by some mysterious agency it

might have disappeared. His camera. No; it was there all right, as he knew really that it must be. He closed the drawer. As he did so the intercome buzzed.

'Yes. Good. Show her in would you?' Was his voice odd sounding? With excitement?

She was fully as gorgeous as she was in the photo. Not now in that outfit of course (it was presumably in that plastic bag), she had on a light coat which naturally he immediately invited her to remove, and under it a pretty, summery dress. That dress was going to have to come off as well, if he was going to get her in the photo outfit and take the other shots, the ones he had in his mind, the ones that photographer might have taken.

'Did he take any more shots? The man who took that photo?' He was smiling and, remarkably, his voice was under control.

She was blushing slightly. She was a blusher. Sitting now next to him on the couch in the corner of the office where you could talk informally, where pretty girls wanting jobs could be put at their ease. Was she blushing because of other photographs taken? Ones for the photographer's private collection. *Now I'd like to take one with your knickers off. For my own special collection of course, no one else will ever see it. All right?*

'Uh...I think he took a couple of other ones. I suppose they didn't come out very well. I didn't see any others.'

'It's just that I was wondering. It's such an attractive photo. Are you a good badminton player, Sharon?'

The blonde head shaking. 'Not really. I'm not very fit. I like playing though.'

'Because showing that you're interested in sport can be very helpful nowadays. Employers are very conscious of that side of things. They think it's an added bonus; it will reflect in her work if she has an interest in fitness.' The words were coming out quite easily in spite of his somewhat over-excited state. 'I'm sure you're very fit really, Sharon. These are very fit legs in your photo.'

His hand as he spoke moved across onto one thigh. Lightly resting on it through the pretty dress. His heart rate moving up a notch of course. He could feel the heat of her leg, and feel her quivering. She wasn't happy with is hand there: perhaps she had been told that in an employment agency a man would put his hand on your leg if he was going to offer you a job. And the hand on your leg would be only the start. He was going to want something if he could get you a job.

He kept his hand there. Increased the pressure. Rubbing it up and down a little. If someone had told her that so much the better. She would be in the picture. 'I've got a couple of promising possibilities,' he told her. 'Just suit you. Nice secretarial jobs and good pay. Of course you've no experience, Sharon. That's a bit of a handicap. There are plenty of girls around with experience.'

She was biting her lip. A soft, full lower lip pinkly lipsticked for her interview that he wouldn't mind biting into himself. The thought of all those girls with experience no doubt running through her pretty head. Not to mention the presence of the hand on her leg. The big wide world when you left school was full of problems. Hazards. His hand gave an extra squeeze. She really was a sweet and gorgeous girl. And the parts he couldn't see, the parts the photo hadn't shown were possibly even more gorgeous. Her bottom for instance. He could imagine she had a truly gorgeous bottom. Which was why he had to get her in that outfit with its marvellously brief little skirt.

'But being such a pretty girl, Sharon, and with your interest in sport can make up for that. We want to emphasise the sport side — and if at the same time we can also emphasise what a pretty girl you are...do you see what I mean?'

Sharon said a doubtful 'Yes...' blushing a bit more at the references to being pretty. How did you emphasise sport, when she wasn't very good at it? Roger Holdane explained. He wanted to take a couple more pictures of her in her sports outfit. Shots with a bit more action, he explained. With those in with her application he was quite sure she would be offered both of those jobs, she'd be able to take her pick.

Well that was something, wasn't it? Not many people would have known that. None of Sharon's friends, or her mother. 'But...I'm really not very good at badminton,' she said. She didn't want to claim something she wasn't. Well, if they thought she was an expert player...

Mr Holdane explained that that wasn't a problem. It was the photos that counted. And he was going to take some really good ones. That was why he had asked her to bring her things. So if she'd just slip into them...

Oh! Here did Mr Holdane mean? In this room, his office? Yes he did. He was standing now, having had a final squeeze of her leg. A little laugh. Relief really. He thought he had done very well, got to this point very smoothly. 'Yes here, Sharon. I've got my camera. We won't be disturbed of course.' Another little laugh. 'I'm sure you're not a shy girl.'

Although in fact that was quite untrue, he was sure she was a shy girl. That was partly why she was so sweet and delicious. Together with her sweet face and those sweet thighs. And...all the rest. Her bottom for one thing. But not only her bottom of course. 'Just, ah...slip your things off.'

She was blushing now all right. A deep pink suffusing the pretty cheeks. Giving him a darting glance. Looking for the possibility that by some faint chance he didn't meant it. Didn't mean...take her dress off in front of him.

'You do want to get one of those jobs, Sharon? I assume?' He picked up the plastic bag. 'In here is it?' Pulling out the jacket. Then a white sports blouse...and the little grey skirt. Placing them on the couch. Finally trainers and socks.

'Knickers, Sharon. Don't you wear special sports ones? With the kit?'

She had turned away. Her back to him and doing something with her dresses. Unhappily unfastening the little buttons. Her back to him...and her bottom. He could see the ripe swell of it under the tight-skirted dress. 'I...uh...'

To her back, her gorgeous bottom, he said, 'Of course in here with just the two of us...you don't need to bother with knickers. Do you?' His short laugh following sounded a bit strained. The gloating laugh of a sex field? he momentarily wondered.

He moved away, to his desk. His camera. Behind him Sharon was taking what advantage she could of this lapse in his close attention and was feverishly getting her dress off. He sat down at his desk. The dress was up over her head: an arousing sight. Brief white knickers, plus tights it looked like.

'What did you say about the knickers,' Sharon? For badminton. Special ones?'

A strangled 'Yes.' She had stepped into her skirt now and was yanking it up. Feverishly fastening it round her waist...and then grabbing for the blouse, pulling it on over the white bra.

'Perhaps sometimes you don't wear any, Sharon? Mmm?'

A scared look. With questions like that...those things that people had probably said...they weren't true, were they? At least she was in the blouse and skirt now; that gave a little feeling of security, even if the skirt was very short.

He took the camera out. Stood up. 'Right. Put the jacket on. And get the shoes and tights off.' A pause. She was pulling on the jacket. 'And what about the knickers, Sharon? If you haven't brought the proper ones...perhaps we'd better do it without any. Yes?'

Yes, that did it. That gave her the message. A message Sharon was not at all happy with. Shaking her head, bright red-faced. But not in a very confident manner. Not as if she felt she could frimly dismiss such a no-doubt outrageous suggestion. More of a pleading shaking of the head.

He smiled at her. 'It's just for me, Sharon. My little whim if you like. The clients won't know of course; they won't be able to see. It will be a secret, just the two of us.'

She shook her head again. Not liking this game at all. If it was a game. His voice came out harder. 'I want it, Sharon. It's only to amuse me but I want it. All right? And I'm going to see that you get one of those jobs. So take them off please. Then put on the trainers and socks. That's how I want you.'

She turned away again. She was going to do it, he could sense she was. Hoping against hope no doubt that it was only a game and nothing else. Desperately trying to shut out any thoughts of anything else. Yes, the tights and knickers were coming down. Being slid down together. Stepped out of. He aimed the camera. There was a fast film in, in this light quite sufficient to stop any action. He pressed the shutter. Then put it down and moved in close. The tights and knickers were off, she was about ti sit down for the trainers. His hands took hold of her.

'That wasn't so bad, was it? Not so difficult?'

She was trembling like a leaf. A strangled sort of sound came out by way of reply. What..was he going to do...? He pulled her close, facing, his arms round her. He had to get his hand on her bare bottom, and he couldn't wait. And in the situation, having freely (more or less) taken her knickers off, there wasn't a lot she could do about it. One hand slid up the little skirt...and the other took hold. Hot bare flesh. She gave

a gasping yelp. Struggled. But he had firm hold of her and it was a despairing sort of struggle not a determined, forceful one. He kept hold of her bare bottom, sliding his fingers into the cleft.

'Just relax, Sharon. You don't mind me doing this. My, what a lovely bottom you've got...'

'No!' she squealed again,w ith another helpless sort of struggle. He had no trouble keeping hold of her. 'Don't be silly, Sharon. If a girl's going to get a good job...she doesn't mind a hand on her bottom. In fact...it's such a marvellous one...I think I'm going to have to spank it. Give it a spanking.'

He had a final good feel and then let go of her. Stepped back a pace. Sharon looked as if she might be about to collapse. Shaking, she grabbed at her skirt, holding it tight to the bare flesh underneath. 'You ca...can't,' she stuttered.

'Can't I, Sharon? We'll see. We'll see how you do. Now get the socks and trainers on and we'll take some shots. And look sharp or I'm going to spank that pretty bum right now.'

Making whimpering sounds Sharon stumbled back onto the couch. Sitting with her knees pressed tight together she reached for the socks. He sat down beside her...One arm came round the shaking shoulders. 'Just try and relax, eh Sharon? You don't really mind having your bottom spanked, do you?'

Sharon made a yelping sound, no doubt intended to convey that she did mind.

'It won't really hurt. It'll be quite a friendly spanking — unless of course you're not a co-operative girl. Now then, let's take some nice shots of you, shall we?'

* * *

Roger Holdane got some really marvellous shots. Shots that were, some of them, extremely revealing. Sharon half guessed what the poses were showing but felt incapable of refusing them. Not now she had got this far and not with that threat of having her bottom spanked. But Roger Holdane spanked it anyway before she left. He couldn't resist it. And there was nothing Sharon could do...except let him.

That wasn't the end of it of course. Of course not. He wanted more shots and when Sharon was shown the first set she was hardly in a position to refuse. He could show them to people. So...more of the same. More spectacular even. Black stockings and a black suspender belt. White stockings and a white suspender belt. With a little baby-doll nightie that reached about two inches below Sharon's waist. Plus quite a few others that Roger Holdane's fertile imagination was able to think of.

Sharon did get the job, though. And he didn't show all those marvellous (or dreadful depending on your point of view) photos he had taken to anyone else. Well, not apart from a few close friends. For this favour Sharon had to continue to be nice. Co-operative. Being nice and co-operative meant letting Mr Holdane fuck her.

JOIN THE DOTS

A plain, almost empty room, brightly lit by a central electric light suspended from the ceiling, the light reflected and emphasised by the pale decor of the room; the walls light grey up to the height of a man's chest and above this pale cream; the carpet an unpatterned pastel beige. Almost empty but not quite: a simple off-white table is against one wall and opposite it is..an unusual object. It resembles the metal frame of a bed, without legs or any covering, standing up on its end. A bare metal frame and its contained tautly-stretched steel springing. This object resembles the frame of a bed and indeed it may be one, or at least originally one but now presumably given over to some other function which requires it to be standing up in this matter against the wall.

This is the extent of the furnishing, if it can be so called, but the room is also furnished at this moment with a human occupant. Female, of apparently late teens to 20 years of age one would imagine and a most attractive specimen. Lightly clad

in pale yellow top and brief white shorts, her long bare legs ending in white ankle-socks and black high-heeled ankle-strapped shoes. These first two items of dress would indeed appear to be all — apart from the described footware. That is, there would seem to be no underwear, not under the yellow top which clearly contains unsupported breasts, firm and well-developed, with unconstrained nipples, and the equally thin white shorts also evidently contain nothing except unencumbered flesh beneath. Slim long legs, big-titted and full in the hips, slim-waisted, her face of a full-mouthed, large-eyed prettiness set off by a thick mass of chestnut hair. This solitary human occupant of the room is looking (apprehensively?) at the

metal frame. Wondering perhaps what it is for? Or it could be that she knows. It could well be connected with her presence here. She has been sent here for a purpose which is cnnected with this unusual item.

She suddenly turns, to look at the door. It is closed. Locked? She is perhaps expecting someone. To come in and do something? To her? She chews that full red lower lip. An indication of anxiety, nervousness. She turns away from the door. If she had thought there was someone outside it seems she was mistaken. There is no one. Her apprehensive eyes return to the frame against the wall.

Without warning the door does not open. Suddenly, with no warning sound of feet outside. A click of the lock and...she gives a little yelp, turning again. A man. In a dark suit, grey-haired and balding, with glasses. Fiftyish perhaps. Closing the door carefully behind him. He moves forward, towards the girl. In his hand is a pad which he consults.

'Number 27!' he asks. 'Susan?'

'Yes,' she answers. 'Yes, Mr Milvane.'

'Good.' He puts the pad down

on the table. 'You've been sent here before, have you, Susan? For an appointment?'

'No...Mr Milvane.' Her voice is nervous. Standing before him in the middle of the room this girl called Susan shifts her weight from one high-heeled shoe to the other.

He steps forward, up close. Susan looks as if she would like to retreat but doesn't. 'No?' he queries. 'I don't have the record book here. But I presume you would know, wouldn't you?' A little mirthless laugh, as if this is a good joke. 'You would remember, eh Susan?'

'Yes, Mr Milvane.' If there is a joke Susan evidently does not share it. Mr Milvane is standing very close and his hands come up and take hold of her two boobs: full, firm, ripe fruit unde the thin T-shirt. 'Nothing underneath, Miss? Mrs Parson told you that? But I can feel there's nothing, can't I.' He is sensuously squeezing her good-sized tits. 'You're a lovely girl, Susan. Yes. Well I'm certainly glad you've finally been sent. How long have you been with us?'

'Thr...three weeks,' she stammers.

'Three weeks! My word. Every girl should have an appointment in here before three weeks. Someone is slipping up. Well, we shall just have to see it's done really properly, shan't we?'

He gives that funny little laugh again. The hands let go ot her tits. The girl shivers. A feeling

of relief that the hands have left but there is no real relief because it is not over, what has to take place has not even started. The hands of Mr Milvane have anyway not yet finished. One of them slides in to her groin. Cupping her pussy through the crisp white shorts.

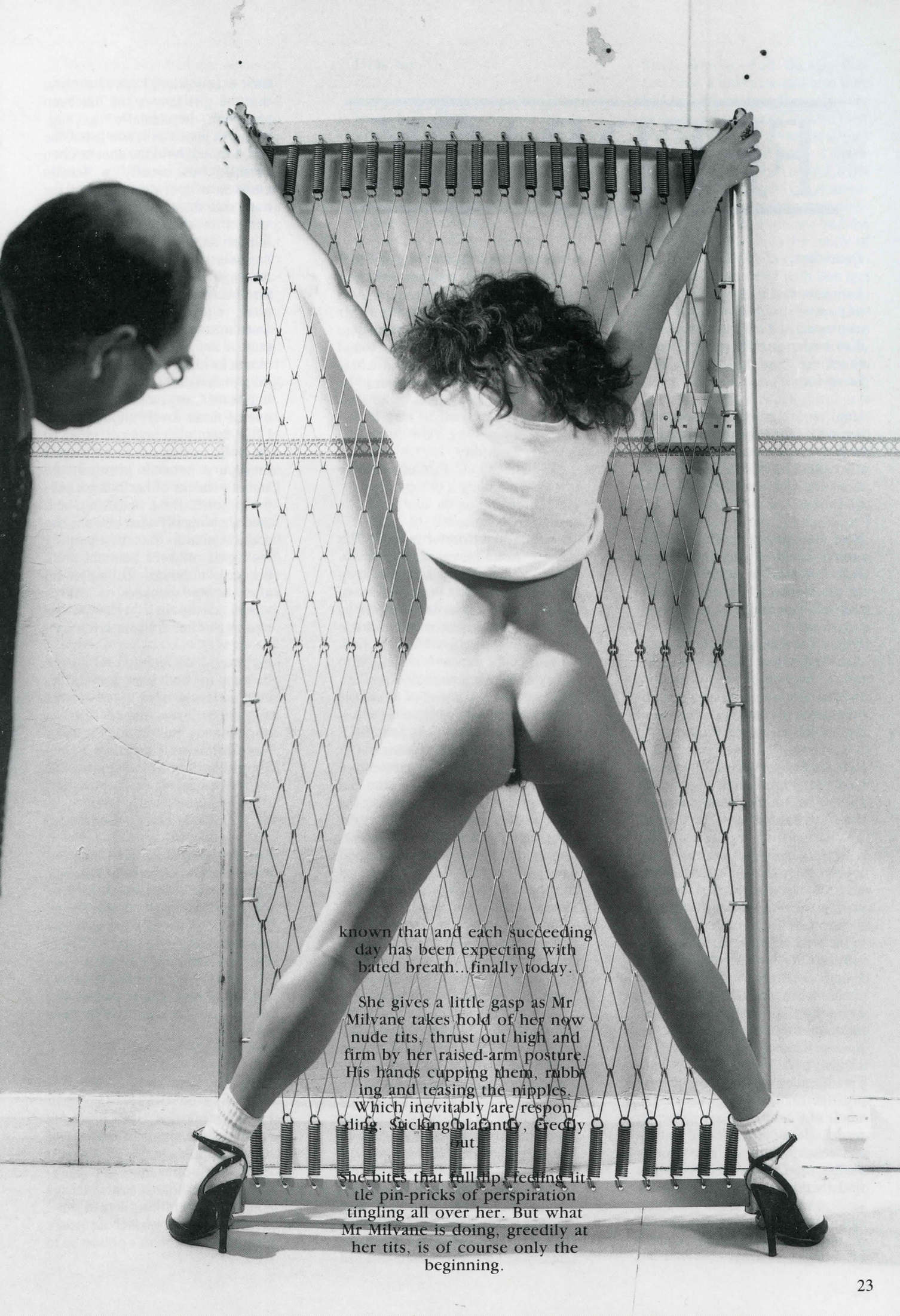
'And what about the shorts, Susan. Anything under?'

'No!' she yelps.

Mr Milvane grunts — as he enjoys a good, groping feel. The hand finally comes away. And is Mr Milvane ready to start whatever has to be done? It

would seem so. The quivering Susan is told to stand up against the frame. She is told to pull up her top, to expose those splendid tits. And then raise her arms to grip the top of the frame.

Susan, shaking, does what she is told. She has a pretty good idea of what happens in this room. Other girls have been in here, there are very few who haven't and all will have to. The good-looking ones can indeed be sent for a number of visits, and being undeniably one of the better looking ones herself it has, as Mr Milvane has said, been some sort of oversight which has not sent her here before. Susan has



known that and each succeeding day has been expecting with bated breath...finally today.

She gives a little gasp as Mr Milvane takes hold of her now nude tits, thrust out high and firm by her raised-arm posture. His hands cupping them, rubbing and teasing the nipples. Which inevitably are responding. Sticking blatantly, greedily out.

She bites that full lip, feeling little pin-pricks of perspiration tingling all over her. But what Mr Milvane is doing, greedily at her tits, is of course only the beginning.

FEEDBACK

Dear Sirs,

I am sure that many afficionardos of your so excellent issues will be as pleased as I am that your wider distribution enables us to purchase them so much easier than heretofore.

Until very recently it was necessary for me to take a special 'away day' to the 'Smoke' to make sure that my collection of Blushes, Supplement and Uniform Girls was bang up to date.

Now there are at least two regular outlets stocking your publications in this neck of the stockbroker belt so the drain on income has now noticeably reduced.

While I suspect that this wider distribution has resulted in a certain restriction of your contents I reckon that your stories and illustrations are still miles ahead of the so called competition.

I particularly applaud two recent changes in your editorial policy as personified in the latest copies of the New Supplement 26, Blushes 39 and Uniform Girls 22.'

Firstly the cover girl appears in the body of your magazine as the main course so to say rather than a hors d'oeuvres of a late number. Thus in Uniform Girls 22 we have a really splendiforous shot of the blonde Valerie, on the cover while inside about the whole of the contents are devoted to her postures and objectives in the neat little hour or Kolingstrasse.

Finally, may I applaud your recent practice of devoting about the whole of a number to one particular model. Heretofore those of us with a penchant for a particular young darling (and by jove where do you find them) have had to wait for several iddues before we saw her again. Now in one issue we can enjoy every prospect, every nuance of their personality.

I reckon that 'The Whippet Club' in Blushes 39 was one of your finest yarns to date. From page 10 onwards it was obvious that Mr Finford was to be pretty beastly to Pamela. Mr Bungalow in 'Round the U Bend' is a good deal worse but if the participants appear to be very much 'look alikes' who really cares?

Yours faithfully,

P. Colesworthy

Dear Sir,

I would like to refer to John W's letter from London in Blushes 36. Although his suggestions are very commendable and I can easily conjure up the fantastic situation he portrays, I am not too sure that this would be a permissable story line. I too would expect humiliation to play a big part in the subject of CP. It is all part and parcel of the whole business. Being chastised is not just an act of inducing pain on a girl's bare bum, but the emphasis of her abject shame must be epitomised with a strict attention to ensure that she is most certainly suffering the nadir of shame in her physical presentation and also the various areas that she has to expose and reveal to the satisfaction of whoever is meting out the punishment.

I also like the idea of the Customs and Excise examination. I'm not too certain how the exposure of a girl's rectal area would be received and without pretending to understand the nuisance laws regarding Publications, I cannot envisage anybody getting away with a deliberate exposure of such a spot of the girl bending over and being made to undergo the ultimate dregs of shame but submitting to such a test. That this happens is true, especially in some foreign airports where a girl has been discovered carrying dope. The German authorities have no such qualms about stripping a girl completely and when they have finished their examination, I can assure you that the girl knows she has been searched. Incidentally, as suggested in para 4 of J.W's letter, the girl does not hold the cheeks open herself, but usually a female customs officer does the job for her, and these women are well versed in the exposure of the female rectal area! This actually happens, but to see it portrayed, although very desirable, I doubt that it could ever happen. And I am glad, relieved would be a better word to see that there is now more than a suggestion of sexual occurances in the mag. I was beginning to think that the men were all impotent! Can you imagine having one of those lovely models, (and I like them all,) being stripped to the buff, having her body shaped in such a helpless position, the smooth cheeks of her bottom properly posed for a spanking, and then showing off what else she has and the man in the story keeping his hands off her? I should think the girl, although feeling awful after being spanked or caned, would surely half welcome the stroking of her delicate soft areas.

Anyway, I do feel that things are looking up and look forward to reading many more issues of the magazine. Any chance that we might have a full blooded story of humiliation in CP and then having the girl submit to the sexual side of her nature?

D.Travers., Dortmund

Ed. *Yes, Mr D Travers, there is every chance. Just keep reading. You are right of course regarding the portrayal of the female body. Some things we can do, some we cannot. And we do want to stay in the business of giving all of you pleasure. Write and tell us about your favourite subject and we will try to put it into words and pictures.*

Dear Sir,

I don't think that I can pin-point any particular issue of Blushes or its sister publications, because I really do enjoy reading and studying them all. I must confess that I don't like everything I read but I do recognise that what is one man's meat is another man's poison so to speak.

I have only ever had one occasion where I witnessed, (truly), a young woman being spanked. I am not very good at graphic detail, but believe me, when I saw this pertly posed bottom through a window I saw it, and the strap being applied, I became a gawping spectator to one of the most fascinating views I have ever seen. I knew the young wife who it was happening to; I should do, I delivered milk to her home every morning. I was a little earlier than usual on this particular day, and this young housewife preferred her milk to be delivered round the back of the house. I heard her before I saw her and it was the sound of her calling out that made me investigate. There through the French windows I saw her bare bum and it was thrusting about madly. Her husband is one of those strong looking bastards, if you know what I mean, and he seemed to have no difficulty in keeping her pinned over his lap as his hand did a good job bringing a short strap down across her fleshy backside. And the view I had of her sex was something else again. Her bottom was towards the windows, you see. I even forgot to collect the money for the milk that Saturday and was pondering with the idea of asking her how her arse felt when I saw her on the Sunday. Possibly with the sub-conscious view that she might let me do it myself, because despite all that screeching and hollering, I got the impression that there was something about the business that she was enjoying. But when I recalled that strong style husband of her's, I thought perhaps not. But I actually saw that happen. I think I am very lucky to have witnessed such a delightful scene.

Thank you for an excellent magazine. Bet there are not many men who can say that they have actually seen a girl getting her bottom smacked.

Jack D., Bath

Ed. *Thank you Jack for your letter. Not many men have seen such an act I'll be bound. And if that husband is as strong looking as you suggest, I know one man that would not have stayed too long to see it to its conclusion!! Wonder how she felt when she discovered the milk had been delivered!!*

Dear Sir,

I was very interested in the letter from R.R. Devon (Issue 39) in which her relates his experiences on a dreary holiday in Wales. The particular point of the letter that caught my attention was the manner in which he and his friend dispensed punishment using a pack of playing cards to determine the number of strokes to award to the female members of their party.

My wife and I, in our middle twenties, join with two others, also in our age bracket and this business of CP arose when we were playing Bridge one evening. The girls were on a winning streak for the first part of the rubber and quite frankly were getting on we two males nerves with their cock-a-hoop attitude. Sheila, my wife is no stranger to a spanking but I was not certain about Vivienne, our friend. In the end, I promised Sheila, with our two friends present that she would most certainly end up eating her breakfast in the vertical position because I warned her that her bottom would be too sore for her to sit on.

She blushed attractively and gave our two visitors sideways anxious glances and then Bob advanced the conversation showing just how interested he was and at the same time proving that he was the driving force in his house too.

Vivienne his wife, is a gorgeous brunette and a svelte shaped body, but I rate Sheila above her in the looks department.

'I hate bad losers,' Sheila said and this capped it. We played the rubber out, the girls lost and we the victors were now in a happiër frame of mind. After Sheila had made the coffee and niblet sandwiches which Vivienne helped in the kitchen, they returned and by the look on their faces they had been scheming up some sort of mischief. They both vanished from the room and Bob and I chatted generally. When they returned the women surprised us both. They had both changed into baby doll nighties, which I recognised as Sheila's but I was too busy looking at the very exposed state of Vivienne's torso. I could see the dark thatch of her pussy hair and also the two aureoles very prominently displayed. Then they gave us the nicest surprise of all. Because they had been a nuisance and also they had lost the rubber, then we were to carry out our threat and tan their bottoms. We were given the choice of how we wanted them. I know that Sheila is switched on to CP but is startled me pleasantly to discover Vivienne enjoyed the same practice. In no time at all, we had the sturdy coffee table in the centre of the room and Sheila elected to go first. Vivienne stood with Bob and I and as my wife's bottom was bared by the dragging down of her brief panties, I heard Vivienne gasp audibly. I spanked for some forty odd reasonably hard spanks on alternate cheeks and the wriggling from Sheila was as delightful as it always was. Bob's eyes were feasting on the centre area where her soft pussy was making it's own shape change with each thrust of her hips. Then it was Bob's turn. I did not mind this as it meant a tit-for-tat situation and I knew that I would be able to spank Vivienne. Sheila was soon reduced to tears as Bob's heavy hand added to my not so harsh spanking and when her bottom was beetroot she had wriggled so much that the nightie top had slipped down to her head which was also on the table.

Vivienne further surprised me when she not only removed her panties but took the top off as well. As she stretched her arms high so she gave us a perfect view of her attractive breasts (she would have been a perfect picture for join the dots).

She made sensuous and suggestive movements as she exaggerated her hip swinging walk towards the table and then she certainly showed us all how a bottom should be presented for spanking. It thrust high and very round and then Bob was the first. She was soon oooghhh and ahhhh and I am not sure whether she was enjoying it or making responses to the flashing pain building up all over her bottom. Then he left the field clear for me. It was a truly delightful experience to have so thrusting a target to operate on. When it was over, and all tears were dried up, there was a suggestion that we do a swap for the night, but I refused that idea out of hand. One has to draw the line somewhere!

G.T.Young., Notts

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY

'I think I might take Julie out for a walk,' Harold Pinkford, looking in the sitting room, informed his wife. 'It's a nice morning and I think she could do with a spot of exercise.'

Sylvia Pinkford, sitting in her favourite armchair and stroking the cat, looked up and smiled. 'Just as you like, dear. She's your girl of course. And I'm sure a little exercise would do her good. Yes, why don't you?'

She smiled good-humouredly. Harold was so much more contented now he'd got the girl. He was that age of course, mid-fifties, when a man could get seriously bored with his life. And especially when, as in Harold's case, he had taken early retirement. That was partly why he'd taken early retirement of course, to get a girl on the National Domestic Service and be able to really devote his time to her, to really enjoy her, but then, to Harold's discomfiture, there didn't seem to be that many available, for some reason. People did say that certain persons who could pull strings were taking two or three girls, although the Agency denied that this happened and it was certainly against the spirit if not actually the letter of the law.

Yes, for a while Harold had been very down in the mouth, with the one or two girls who did come up not being at all to his liking. Harold could be very choosy and Sylvia had gone so far as to suggest that he lower his sights and take whatever was available. But it finally turned out all right. That Julie was exactly what he wanted. He was very lucky, there had been a cancellation and it happened to be just when he was at the top of the list, otherwise she would certainly have been grabbed by some other hot-eyed gentleman.

She was certainly a splendid specimen. Sylvia had to agree about that. Very striking: tall and blonde and very well built. Big boobs and bottom and with long shapely legs. Perhaps just a bit obvious, Sylvia thought to herself, though being an honest person she knew that when younger she would have been not unhappy to look like that herself. She hadn't: pleasant but not striking had been Sylvia Pinkford in her younger years and now of course she was in her fifties like Harold and not bothered. But this Julie was without doubt exactly what a man of Harold's age would adore and having her in the house...well, Harold wasn't going to want to go off wandering, casting his eyes over some other young bit of stuff outside. Not that he ever had, as far as she knew, but you never really did know, did you?

'She's a real blonde!' Harold had announced triumphantly on that first day when he brought her home. About 20 minutes after he'd got her home and those 20 minutes being spent up in the little room that was going to be Julie's bedroom. Harold eventually coming down, eyes shining. 'A real blonde. That's not out of the bottle. Or if it is she's done a proper job and done the other bit as well.'

Sylvia had smiled a 'Yes dear.' She wasn't really interested in what colour fluff the girl had on her private parts — which no doubt Harold had been examining in keen detail. And of course the fact that she was blonde down there didn't mean she hadn't altered what nature had given her; she looked a bit too blonde for Sylvia to believe it was completely natural. But she wasn't going to say that to Harold, not when he was clearly so pleased with himself. 'Did you show her that cane?' was what she said.

Harold had bought himself a cane some weeks earlier and for those weeks there had been nothing, no one, to use it on. He was no doubt keen to try it out and Sylvia was equally keen for him to do so. If you had to have a girl in the house

ly wouldn't want her getting any ideas — ideas that she could twist Harold round her little finger for instance. Sylvia had been listening for any suitable sounds from upstairs. Yelps, or the thwack of that bamboo impacting on her fleshy rump. There could have been some muffled yelps...

Harold was grinning. 'I gave her a couple. Just so she knows what's what.'

had certainly been good news. What else had transpired in those first 20 minutes did not really concern Sylvia. Had Harold exercised his right of mastership: his *droit de seignieur?* Sylvia didn't know, and wasn't too bothered. As long as Harold didn't do something silly, get over-excited. Well, a man of that age...his heart...

Sylvia still wasn't sure about that side of things and she didn't spend a lot of

time thinking about it. What Harold did with the girl was his own concern. Sylvia knew he caned her — there had been some unmistakeable yelps since that first day — and that very much met with Sylvia's approval. And the girl seemed all right: respectful and doing whatever jobs Harold gave her. She was primarily for his pleasure, though; his nice big live toy. That was what men wanted when they got a girl from the Domestic Service people. Harold was in a sort of Seventh Heaven.

'Yes, take her for a nice walk,' Sylvia repeated now, scratching Tibbles' back. 'It'll do you good as well.'

Harold nodded enthusiastically and headed upstairs. It was really good that Sylvia was so understanding about the girl. Some men, he knew, had all sorts of problems in that direction, their wives intent it would seem simply on spoiling any enjoyment they might get out of a girl. Sylvia wasn't like that, she let him get on with it which was as it should be. If a man had a girl for training he needed to be able to feel he could do whatever was necessry, and of course in private. That was what training a girl on the National Domestic Service was all about. Harold had read the advisory booklets so he knew.

Julie was in her room sitting at her dressing table writing a letter when Harold abruptly entered. He did not think of knocking or anything like that, one didn't with a girl on her National Domestic. Such girls didn't have any privacy from their employer, he could come in unannounced whenever he felt like it. Into her room or into her bed; a girl doing her National Domestic Service was at her master's beck and call in all respects.

Julie looked up and stopped writing: a visit from Mr Pinkford was not necessarily something to be welcomed. It could mean the cane for instance. An inpromptu caning. Julie was not aware of any particular thing she had done that deserved a caning; but that wouldn't stop Mr Pinkford. If he was in the mood for a caning he would simply say it was good for her, part of her training, and that would be that. Or of course he might want something else. Something else that a master could demand of a girl on her National Domestic whether she wanted to oblige or not. Julie suppressed a shiver. As Harold Pinkford came over. His hand on her shoulder.

'Who's that letter to, Julie?'

It was to Bob, her boyfriend. That was all right, she was allowed to write to him, in fact Mr Pinkford had suggested that Julie write and tell him he could come and stay for the weekend. Julie was not sure she wanted to do that. She would certainly like to see Bob but not here at Mr Pinkford's. She suspected that her employer wanted to have Bob there to watch when he did things to her. When Mr Pinkford caned her for instance. And perhaps other things too. There would be nothing stopping Mr Pinkford doing this, he could even say it was an extra test of discipline. It would of course be simply awful, ten times as bad as it normally was.

'Have you invited him down for a weekend?' Mr Pinkford predictably asked. He has positioned himself close behind her chair and his two hands now came down in front and appreciatively took hold of Julie's boobs. With difficulty she made herself keep still and not flinch.

'I...ah...haven't yet...Mr Pinkford.'

'Well you must.' His hands mounding, squeezing the big tits. 'Put it in your

letter. Mrs Pinkford and I want you to have your friend visit. So he can see how well you've settled in. Of course he'd have to have a separate room but that would be no problem. All right?'

Julie said an unhappy 'Yes Mr Pinkford.' That gentleman was now unbuttoning her blouse. The top button and then the next and the next. Sufficient to slide his hand inside. Julie had no bra on, she wasn't permitted to wear one by Mr Pinkford. Nor anything else under her blouse. The hand slid down over her bare boob, fingers feeling for the already erect nipple.

'Good,' he said, grasping it. 'Now I thought we'd go for a drive before lunch. Or rather drive out and then have a walk in the country. Let you get a bit of exercise. In fact I might even have you to do a spot of running, Julie. See how fit you are. A girl needs to be fit, doesn't she?'

* * *

'I've been out here before,' Harold told her. 'With Mrs Pinkford, having a bit of a walk. And I saw something that I think will be very suitable. You'll see when we come to it.' Harold's hand squeezed the flexing rear of his young blonde companion.

They were walking along a country track with fields on either side. It was a nice warm spring morning, cloudy but bright. As far as Harold Pinkford was concerned it was a perfect morning — but this of course was largely because of his companion. He had her dressed in one of his favourite outfits: an ultra-tight short-sleeved white top and a pair of ultra-brief, if anything even tighter matching shorts. So tight and brief in fact that a good part of Julie's bottom was left bare. Below there were white knee-socks together with black flat-heeled shoes. The latter were Harold's only concession to the country; when he had her wear this outfit in town, as he frequently did, to the great joy of all male observers, it was with four-inch-high stiletto heels. Those heels would not do out here — especially if he wanted her to run — but the rest, yes. Harold pinched the half-bare bottom again. In his other hand was his cane.

They continued along the track, Harold Pinkford's hand mostly firmly fixed to the underside of Julie's ripe bottom — indeed at times sufficiently under that it could perhaps be more accurately described as being between her legs. Harold's hand had spent a great deal of time on that part of Julie's anatomy since she had come to stay — there and on her impressive tits of course. But Harold and his hand showed no sign of getting bored with these parts of her. Further along the open field to one side of the track gave way to what would seem to have been an orchard at one time, with now overgrown grass and a few scraggly old trees. Facing this was a broken-down fence with a ricketty gate. As they got to this Harold, with that ever attentive hand, steered Julie to the side.

'Here. Here it is. What d'you think?'

Harold meant the fence. It wasn't much

of a fence: a rustic rail about hip high nailed on tip of uprights. 'Bend over it,' Harold said.

Only then did Julie realise what was in Mr Pinkford's mind. It was a convenient height for that. For bending her over and smacking her bottom. Or caning it. And he had of course got his cane with him. Mr Pinkford had been waving it about from time to time as they walked, decapitating inoffensive

dandelions here and there. Eyeing the cane apprehensively at first, Julie had decided that perhaps Mr Pinkford had brought it simply for that purpose, as a sort of walking stick. Rather than for its primary function. Julie knew all about the cane's primary function. She had experienced it sufficient times to know all about it. Across the seat of these very shorts she was wearing for instance. Also across the seat of various pairs of skimpy knickers (Mr Pinkford only allowed skimpy ones, when he allowed any at all). And last but certainly not least across the splendid bared cheeks of her bottom. All of that was very largely experienced up in that little room, and never out in the country. But then Julie hadn't been taken out in the country by Mr Pinkford before.

Her breathing was somewhat more agitated now as she obediently bent over the fence. Mr Pinkford was groping at her thrust-out bottom. 'Just the thing, eh Julie? And out here in the country, it'll be quite a different experience.'

He told her to straighten up. And take her shorts off. Julie looked quickly round. The place was completely open. Anyone could come walking along that track. 'Please...' she gasped. 'Please not here. Someone could...'

As if to prove this point other persons did now appear. A couple walking along the track towards them. Harold Pinkford's eyes took them in: a middle-aged pair, man and wife probably. 'Don't worry about them. Everyone knows that a girl on her National Domestic gets her shorts taken down from time to time. Or her skirt lifted up. Come on.'

Indeed Harold felt a surging extra thrill at the prospect of doing it with this impromptu audience available. 'Come on!' he urged. 'Get 'em off.'

Unhappy Julie had the shorts off and was engaged in the equally unhappy task of removing the brief knickers underneath just as the strangers approched. 'Morning!' Harold greeted them cordially. 'Don't mind us. Just dealing with my girl here. National Domestic, you know.'

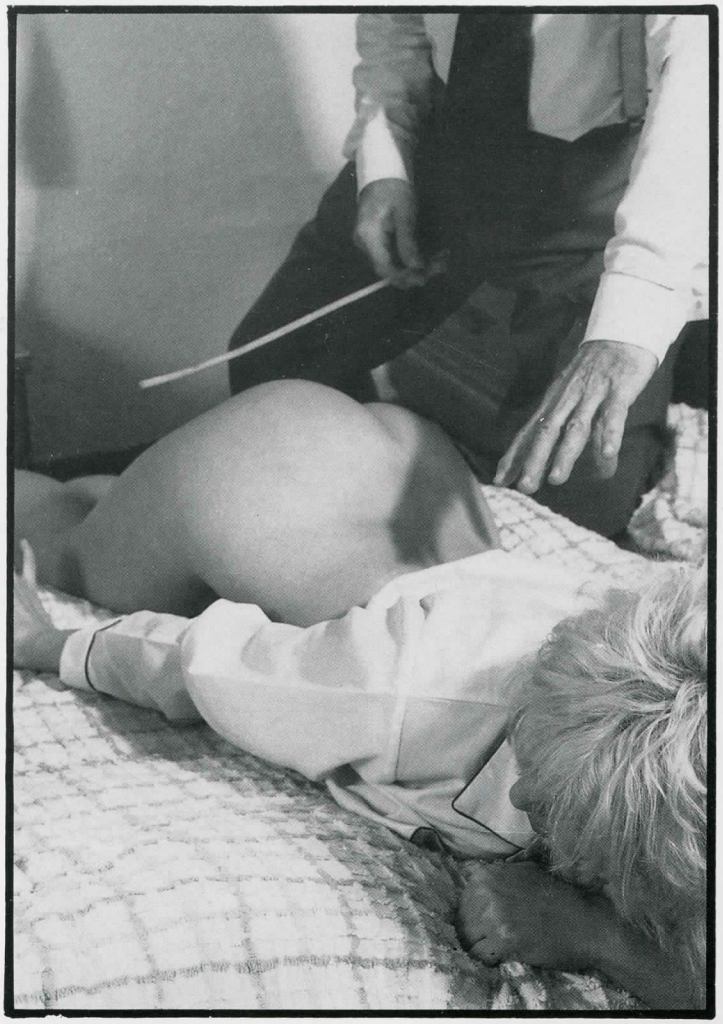
The man grinned. 'My word. You've got a real winner there. Isn't she splendid. Mind if I stop and watch.'

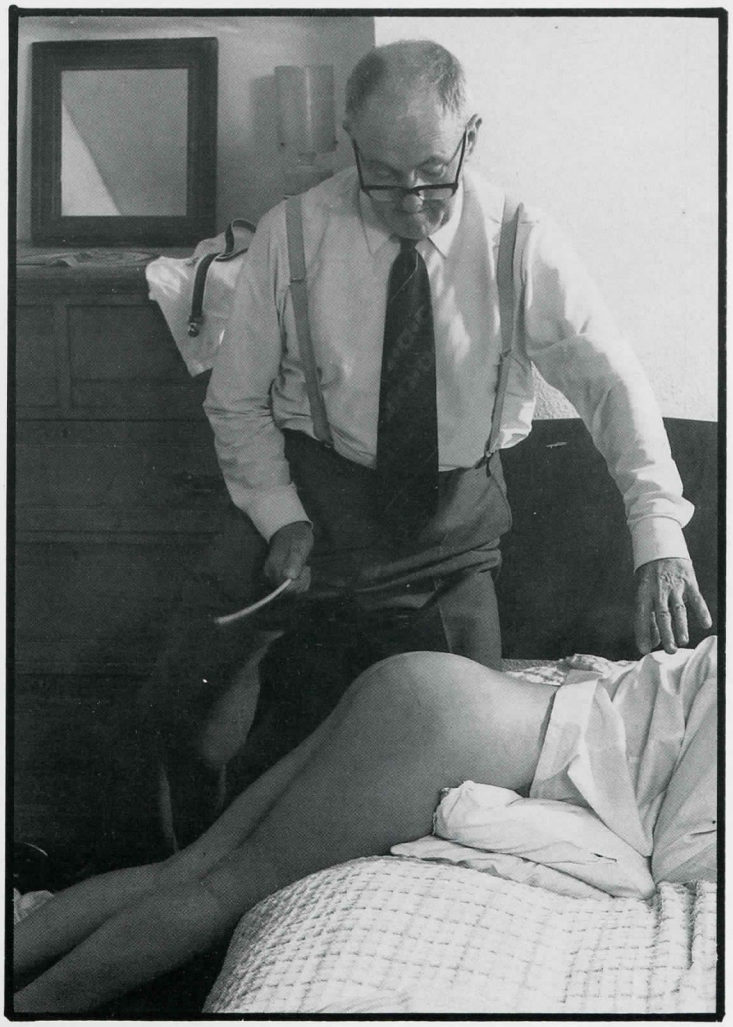
Harold Pinkford couldn't object to this, he welcome it. The thought of an audience was an added stimulus. 'Be my guest,' he pronounced. 'And your good wife. Have a girl yourself, do you?'

The stranger confessed that he didn't. Being still employed he was a Category 2 as far as National Domestic girls were concerned and therefore with little chance of getting one. Harold grinned. 'Take early retirement,' was his advice. 'Like I did. Then you're immediately Category 1 and you get something like my Julie here.' He slapped her now bare bottom. 'Although I have to admit they're not all like Julie.'

The man's wife had a look which was probably supposed to indicate that she wasn't really interested in what was going on, she were merely with her husband and men's childish obsession with young women's bodies, with their bottoms in particular, had nothing to do with her. But she was nonetheless surreptitiously eyeing Julie's magnificent bare buttocks — and eyeing also the cane in Harold Pinkford's hand. She certainly wasn't moving off, continuing on her walk.

Harold was indeed enjoying himself. Why hadn't he thought of taking Julie out before? Doing it in front of these





two was really something. Julie was bending over now. This time with her bottom quite bare. Holding onto the wooden rail with her head right down, blonde locks falling about her face. The cane twitched in his hand. Harold gave it a practiced little flick. In the last week, with repeated use, he had become quite an expert. What a pleasure to be able to show this stranger, who didn't have a girl of his own, how an expert operated!

'Keep quite still, Julie. There's a good girl...'

He brought it slicing down.

There was an involuntary little gasp from the woman. An appreciative 'Ahh...' from the man. From Julie a full-throated and desperate yell, because Harold Pinkford had hit distinctly harder than normal, a hefty swing of his arm with a nicely timed zip of his wrist to finish off.

'Keep still,' he advised the shaking and writhing girl. 'No writhing or jerking about. And perhaps not quite so much noise. Show these good people how you've learnt to take it.'

When Harold had finished the couple went on their way, the man with a last wistful, somewhat greedy look at Julie's bare bottom which was now decorated with six bright red stripes. ('No more; mustn't overdo it,' Harold had said after the sixth.) 'Take that early retirement!' he called cheerily after the departing stranger. To Julie, not so loudly, he said, 'Don't put your things on. Not yet. No hurry. Let's take a wander...over there...'

Julie looked at him. Her bottom was killing her but in spite of that she could detect that particular tone of voice...and see that particular look in his eye. 'No!' she gasped. 'No...not here...'

But Harold Pinkford clearly had that certain feeling. The stimulus of wielding the cane across Julie's bare bottom, plus also perhaps the subliminal scents of the great outdoors. Whatever it was he was raring to go, his libido soaring. 'Yes,' he said. 'A quiet little corner...a nice grassy spot...'

There was not a lot of point arguing. 'We might be seen,' wailed desperate Julie and presumably even Mr Pinkford would not wish to be seen by passing strangers doing what he clearly proposed to do. But this thought wasn't going to stop him, not feeling the way he did. He found a secluded grassy glade in some trees where he was quite sure no one was going to wander by. Julie was told to lie down...

* * *

'Did you have a nice walk?' Sylvia asked. Harold said it had been most enjoyable. So enjoyable that he was going to do it more often. He certainly looked well after his outing, his face glowing from the healthful exercise. Julie's face was flushed as well. I wonder if her bottom matches it? wondered Sylvia.

A little while later, after his lunch and a post-prandial nap, Harold was taking more exercise. In Julie's room, with her over his lap. Just a spanking, though who knows, he might well feel like the cane or something else afterwards. Having a girl on the National Domestic Service was a responsible business. You had to keep at it.

GETTING THE RIGHT RESULTS

'Did you know, Jean, that the tawse is still in use in many Scottish schools? Both boys and girls schools?'

The young nose wrinkled and a faintly puzzled expression appeared. 'Er...what exactly is a tawse, Miss Cameron?'

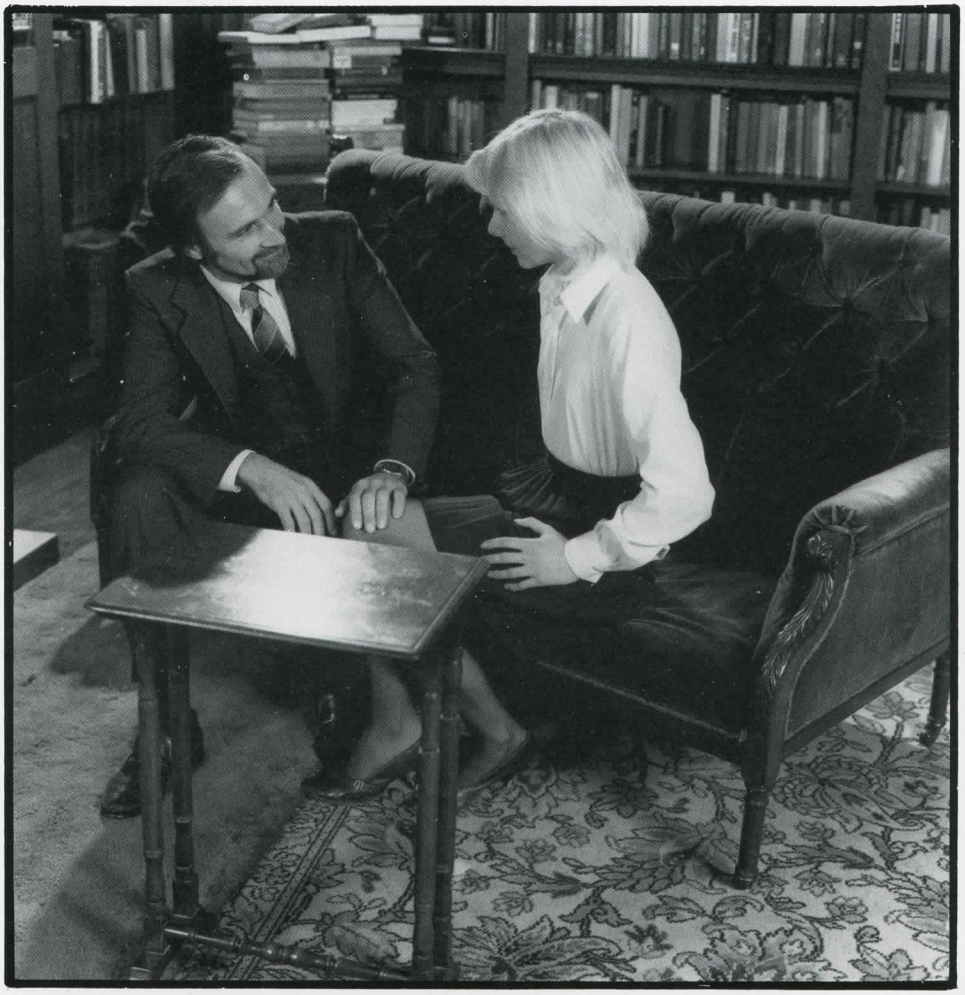
A look of exasperation crossed the face of the stern-featured woman. 'You really mean to say you do not know what a tawse is?' Having lived eighteen years North of the Border...'

'No..I don't, Miss Cameron. I think I may have heard the word used in some connection,' replied the fair-haired Jean.

Miss Cameron ejected a scoffing laugh. 'Connection! That's good. The connection, I may tell you Jean, is with the bare behind of schoolchildren who don't behave themselves. Because the tawse is a length of leather, often split into two at its end.'

The girl blinked nervously. 'Y-You mean it's a strap...a punishing strap?'

'That's what I mean,' said Miss Cameron bluntly. 'What is more, Jean,



I may say that your Guardian approves of its use in schools. He was, of course, a Headmaster himself, a few years ago.'

'Yes...I know...' The voice was weak; the girl looked even more nervous. Puzzled as well. 'B-But what has that got to do with me, Miss Cameron?'

'What it has to do with you, Miss, is that I have now been officially appointed as your Tutor — by your Guardian — and he is a man who approves of corporal punishment. He has, in fact, expressed the opinion, he would have no objection to my using it if I thought the circumstances warranted it.'

'Wh-what! You mean...you...you w-would beat me? Use a tawse on me? Oh no...I can't believe it!'

'Not necessarily a tawse, Jean,' answered Miss Cameron in a matter-of-fact way. 'Not at this stage, anyway. That is quite a severe instrument. However, it does mean I am authorised to punish you in some fashion if your work or your behaviour does not come up to the standards I require.'

The girl went very quiet; she seemed

to be blinking back tears. What she had just been told quite horrified her. This, she thought, would never have happened if Mummy and Daddy hadn't been killed in that air crash. I'd still be living happily with them...and not consigned to this big gloomy house with a 'Tutor'. Her Guardian, Geoffrey McHale had seemed only too anxious to get her off his hands. And with some exceedingly worrying instructions, it seemed. Jean looked at her Tutor almost appealingly but saw no response in that face. Miss Cameron was typically and severely garbed. Black skirt, white blouse which they both wore as a type of uniform.

'I'm glad to hear it, Jean,' came the uncompromising reply. 'For your sake.' Then Miss Cameron went to a cupboard and produced a number of books and sheets of paper. 'Might as well get down to work right away, I think,' she said.

Jean felt her palms damp and dried them on her tartan kilted-skirt. 'N-nothing like this has...has ever happened to me before, Miss Cameron,' she said.

A trace of a smile crossed the woman's lips. 'You mean by that, I suppose, you've never had the threat of punish-

ment hanging over you?'

'Y-Yes...that's right...'

'Schools are getting far too soft these days,' stated Miss Cameron. 'Now Jean, you will find I have set you a variety of work. That is because I am intending to find where your talents lie and where your weaknesses are. Do as best you can. I shall be back in a couple of hours.' And with that, Miss Cameron swept majestically from the room.

Jean sighed despairingly and seated herself at the small table upon which books and papers had been set. Academic work had always bored her horribly. She was much more the outdoor type. Sporty. Also, she cared about people rather than knowledge as such. She intended to take up nursing, sensibly realising she hadn't got the brains to become a doctor.

* * *

After half an hour or so, Jean realised that most of the work she had been set was beyond her. The Maths was too modern, the French translation she had been set far too difficult. She found herself doodling and her mind drifting. How nice to have been wandering through the woods, picking flowers, watching birds, trying to catch butterflies. But there she was in that dreary, book-lined study. Having to use her brain; a brain that felt as if it were made of cottonwool. She would simply have to explain to Miss Cameron that the work she had been set was beyond her. Her Tutor would understand, she was sure.

* * *

'Well, then Jean, how have we got on?'

Jean was startled out of her reverie. 'Er...not very well, I'm afraid, Miss Cameron.' She found the papers before her being snatched up and examined. 'This work is, well, too advanced for me...'

'Too advanced!' There was scorn in the voice. 'You're eighteen, aren't you? This is the expected standard for your year.' The papers were further examined. 'This is quite ridiculous...you've hardly attempted anything, girl!'

'I...tried...Miss Cameron...but I'm not very good at this sort of thing...'

'It is obvious to me, Jean, you have had nobody behind you, pushing you on up

the educational ladder. You've probably been drifting for years. Well..that's going to stop. Right now!'

'Oh please, Miss Cameron. I'm not bright. Not brainy. I like outdoor life.'

'You, my girl, are simply a slacker. And I'm not having it. From now on you're going to have an incentive to use what grey matter you possess. Your Guardian told me you were lazy and I ought to do something about it. That I intend to do!'

Jean felt a chill dread creeping over her. Could this really be happening to her? And her anger against her beastly Guardian intensified. He was basically responsible for all this..this mess.

'Remove your skirt, Jean.'

'What? Wh-why?'

'You know perfectly well why. You are going to be punished for an utter lack of effort...'

'Oh no...please...not so soon...I've hardly started...hardly had a chance!'

'Better you get an incentive right at the start. Come along, off with that skirt. Don't make me lose my temper, or it's the tawse you'll feel not the palm of my hand.'

The word tawse sent a shudder through the girl. The thought of being beaten by a leathern thong was quite, quite terrible. Bad enough to know she was to be spanked like some little child. But what else could she do but obey? She had no one to turn to, no means of escape from this dilemma. Had her Guardian deliberately contrived it? Or was this Miss Cameron a natural sadist? How grim and determined she looked! How frightening. With trembl-

ing fingers, Jean unfastened her skirt, then let it fall. Underneath, she had a rather grown-up pair of knickers. White silk with lacy edging. She felt she was entitled to such female fripperies at her age. Miss Cameron regarded them with something like astonishment, however...then yanked them down.

'You'll be wearing school knickers from now on, my girl. Not this kind of nonsense!' she barked.

Bare-bottomed, Jean flushed with a mixture of fury and humiliation. How dare this awful woman treat her like this? Oh Mummy...oh Daddy..if only you were here to help me! But there was no ne. No one in the whole wide world.

'Ohhh...I don't d-deserve it...I don't...' she heard herself half sobbing.

'That,' said Miss Cameron acidly, 'is a matter of opinion. Kneel on the chair. No...no...not that way. Kneel so that you face the table, then bend forward.' Jean did so, finding her face surrounded by the work she had been set...and not done. 'A good spanking will smarten your ideas up no end, in my opinion.'

Still Jean couldn't believe it was actually happening. There she was, naked bottom thrusting, shivering with fear. And for what? Simply because she had not done a few stupid lessons which were beyond her capacity. Oh how unfair it was! How terrifying, too. She hadn't never actually been formally spanked before; merely receiving a few slaps from her mother when she was very young. That was something acceptable. This was definitely not!

'Please let me off...this time...please...' she was annoyed with herself for being so cowardly, but could not check her natural outburst.

Miss Cameron did not answer this plea. 'Let me tell you something, Jean,' she said, 'if you do not accept your punishment in a reasonable fashion, I shall fetch the tawse. Then you'll really know all about it!'

Jean began to sob. 'It...it's not...mfff...f-fair...not...fair...' She found her left wrist seized and brought behind her back. That added to her feeling of helplessness. Miss Cameron was not only strong in mind, she had a grip like steel.

'I'm going to smack your bottom

soundly, girl,' came that crisp, authoritative voice. 'That should help to see some improvement in the very near future.'

SMACK!

The palm descended. Jean felt the stinging pain...but felt the shame of it even more acutely. How could she, at 16, be treated like this?

SMACK! And again...smack!!!

But she was being treated like it. Spanked like a kid. She cried out in fury more than anything as she twisted and turned. The slaps rained down.

Again...again...again...again!

Jean strove to break Miss Cameron's steely grip. Kept throwing back her free right hand. but all to no avail. 'Don't forget what I told you about the tawse,' came a dreadful warning. Sobbing, Jean replaced her hand on the table...and endured.

Endured the repeated slap...slappp...on her bare bottom. Now the pain was beginning to mount. Beginning to be felt more acutely than the original shame.

'Ow...oh...please...stop...stop...that's enough...oh...please!'

'I decide when you've had enough,' rasped Miss Cameron.

'Ohhh...ohhhh...I can't stand any more...stop...stop...!' But the slapping went on...

And on and on and on and on! Until Jean's bottom was glowing hot and every fresh slap a torment. Never had she believed it possible that anyone's hand could hurt so much. leather, yes, but not a hand. Again, again it landed where she was already burningly tender. Oh she just couldn't bear it! She couldn't!

Jean began to shriek half-hysterically. She'd had enough...she had...she had...she had!

Then, suddenly, the palm stopped descending. Oh thank the Lord...oh...she couldn't have stood any more. Jean sobbed heart-renderingly, still with her face pressed to the table, still kneeling on the chair. The whole of her bottom was burning hot. Unbearable so. Oh how she hated this so-called Tutor of hers! To be treated so! Oh how unjust it was!

'That,' Miss Cameron was saying, 'is but a taste of what is in store for you if you don't make a much greater effort, Jean.' She was breathing rather fast. 'Do you understand that?'

Still sobbing, Jean nodded her head.

'Answer me, girl!'

'Y-yes, yes...mmmff...I understand, M-Miss Cameron...mfff...'

'Are you going to try putting your brain to work for once?'

'Yes...urrrfff..yes Miss Cameron.'

'Because, if you do not, I shall get my tawse out...'

'Oh now...not that!' The thought of leather cracking across her bare flesh was even more intolerable now than it had been before her spanking.

'Don't say you haven't been warned!'

'N-No...Miss cameron...I understand...I'll try...I really w-will!'

'Good..good. Now, sit yourself down on the chair again.'

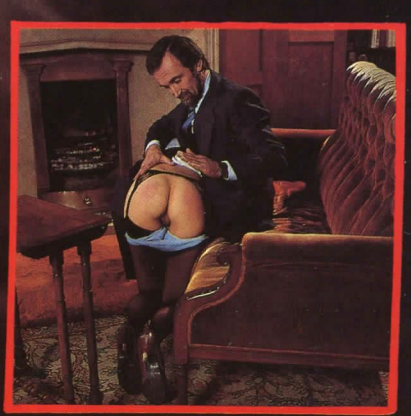
'I...I don't think I want to sit down again, Miss Cameron.'

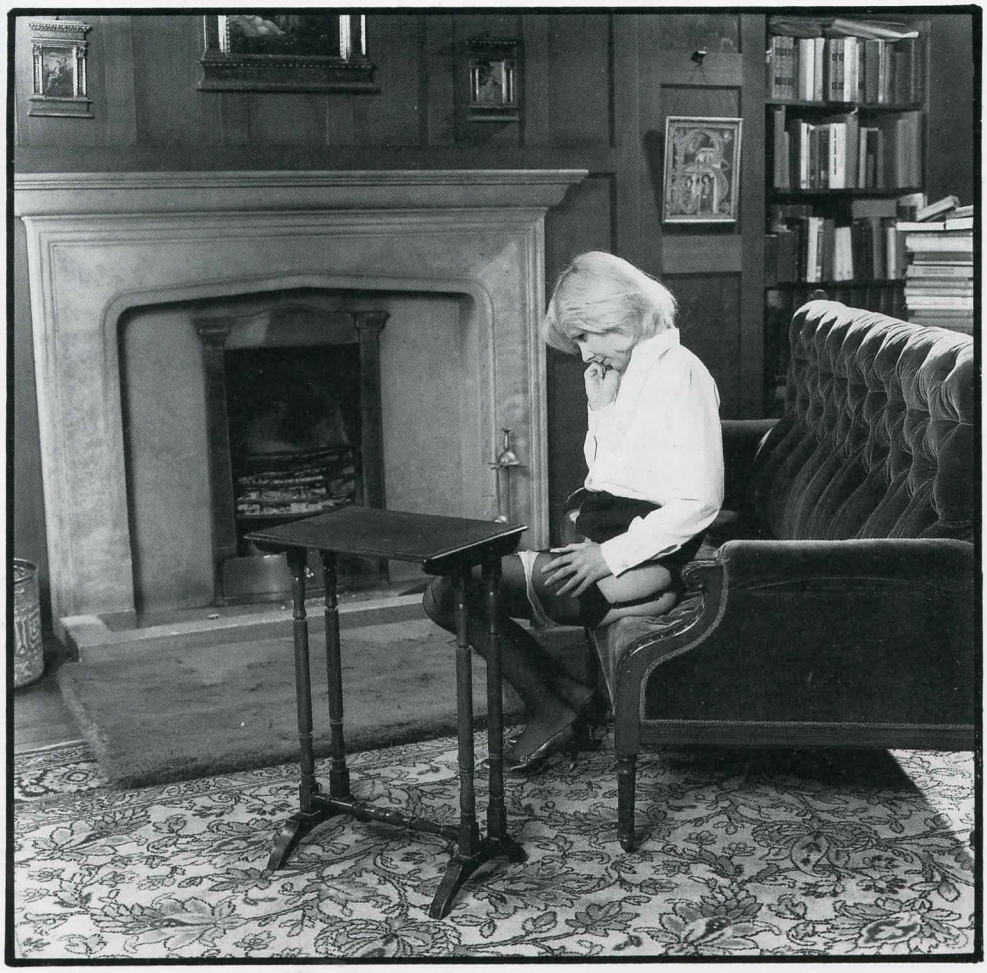
'Just do as you're told girl.' With a sob, Jean got off the chair. 'No...don't pull your knickers up. Sit on the chair with your bottom bare. A small matter of discipline, Jean...and no bad thing.'

Tearfully, Jean obeyed the order. How utterly undignified it was to be sitting there with her knickers around her knees at 18 it was some sort of nightmare. 'Ohhh...mfff...please, M-Miss Cameron...let me pull my knickers up...'

This was ignored, like many other pleas before. 'Now listen to me, Jean' came that relentless voice. 'I am going to leave you in here for another two hours. Just as you are. Bottom bare and burning. In that state you will make another attempt at the papers I sent you...'

'Ohhh...uff...Miss Cameron...I don't think I'll do...do...any better! I just





can't!' It was a wail of despair.

'We shall have to see,' said Miss Cameron, almost casually. 'But let me tell you something before you start. If you don't do better, I shall get the tawse out.'

'Nooo...! Not that!'

'Well then, Jean...' The smile was cruel. 'You'll have to make a much greater effort, won't you — something you don't like, I know..but something I'm sure you're perfectly capable of. All you need is an incentive. And that you now have. To avoid further...and greater...pain.'

'Oh...no...I can't...I can't d-do it...'

'Think of the alternative,' said Miss Cameron. 'And then, Jean you'll be surprised what you'll find you can do! Oh yes, indeed you will. I've had lazy pupils like you before. And I've converted them into scholarship winners!'

'B-But...but...I don't want that...'

'Neither here nor there, girl. Your Guardian wants results...and so do I. What's more, we are going to get them. You are to report to him in the library at 7.00 tonight.' Once more the imperious Tutor strode from the room...to leave a hapless — and knickerless — Jean sobbing her heart out as she sat at the table. For her, at that moment, life was at its lowest ebb ever. She wept and wept until, it seemed, she had no tears left.

Then, in a state of half-panic, she turned towards the papers and books on the table. She had to make an effort! Otherwise that terrifying woman would use some brutal leathern thong upon her. Barbaric! Through a mist of tears, Jean picked up the first modern maths paper. Well, she had had instruction on this sort of thing before. If only she could dredge up what she had been taught.

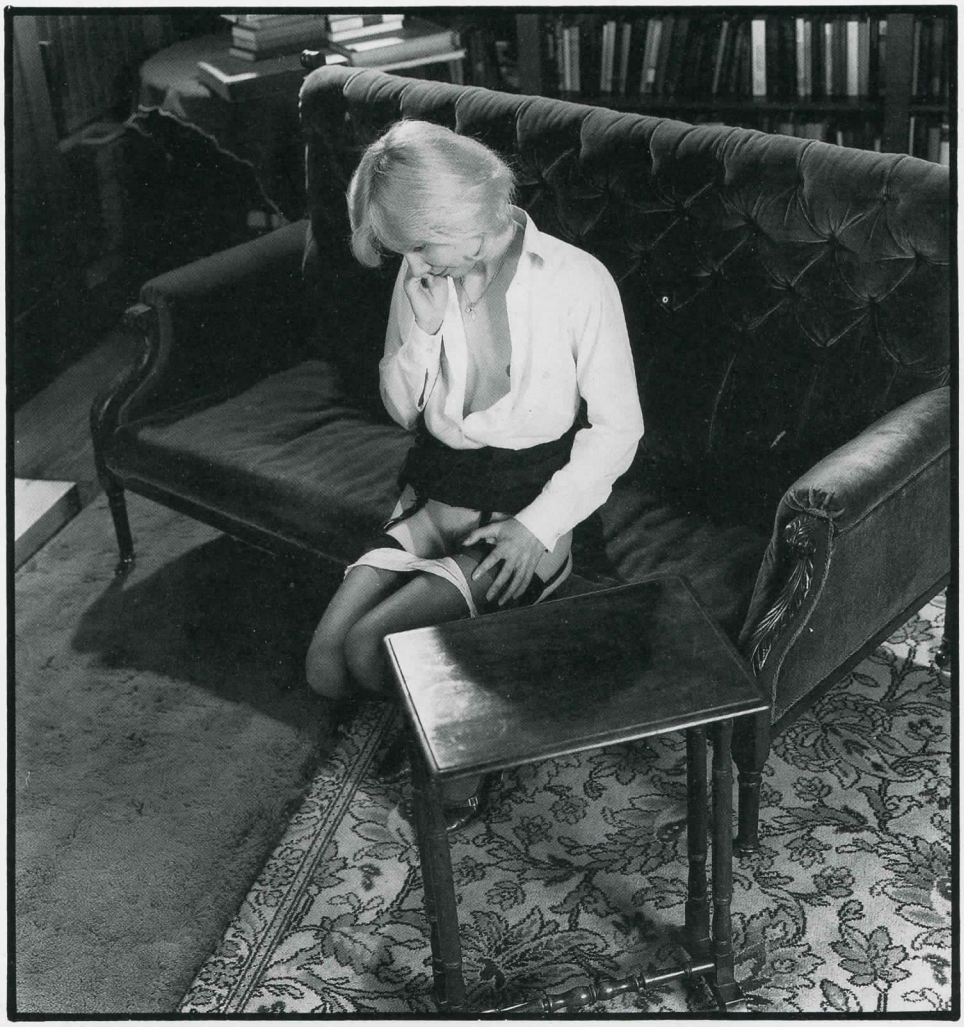
It was literally painful to make her brain concentrate. In fact, to actually use the knowledge her brain contained. But, now, Jean persevered.

The alternative was too unpleasant to contemplate.

And even more painful...

And her Guardian tonight...what would be his method?

Modern Maths; with old-fashioned methods getting the right results!

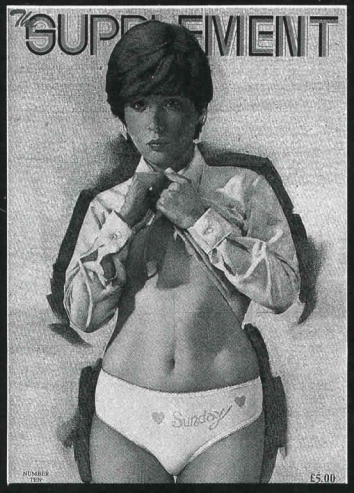


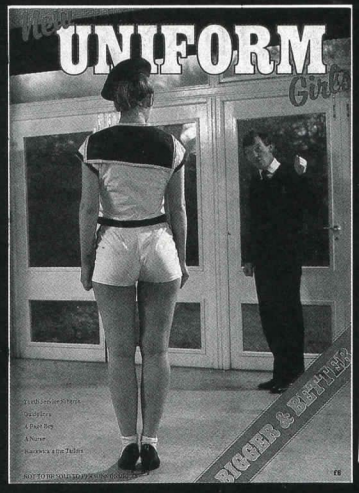
DID YOU GET IT??

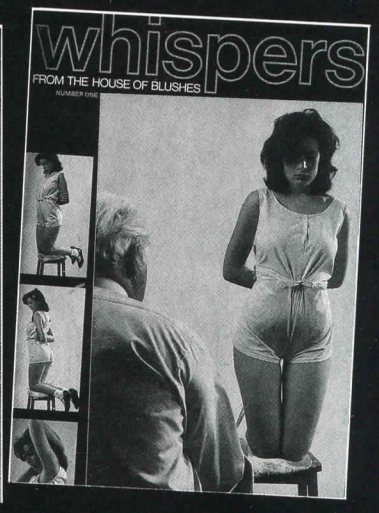
If you didn't you soon will, because all the back numbers of your favourite magazines **BLUSHES, SUPPLEMENT, UNIFORM GIRLS** and **WHISPERS** are still available. Just send to the address below, we'll also send you some amazing special offers.

What's Available

BLUSHES No.1 to No.35	£6 each
SUPPLEMENT No.1 to No.14	£5 each
SUPPLEMENT No.15 to No.22	£6 each
UNIFORM GIRLS No.1 to No.10	£5 each
UNIFORM GIRLS No.11 to No.20	£6 each
WHISPERS No.1 to No.7	£5 each







Post within Europe is free (Outside Europe add £1 per item).

We try for return of post and certainly send under plain cover.

Make Cheques and P.O.'s payable to:

15 Wastdale Road, London SE23